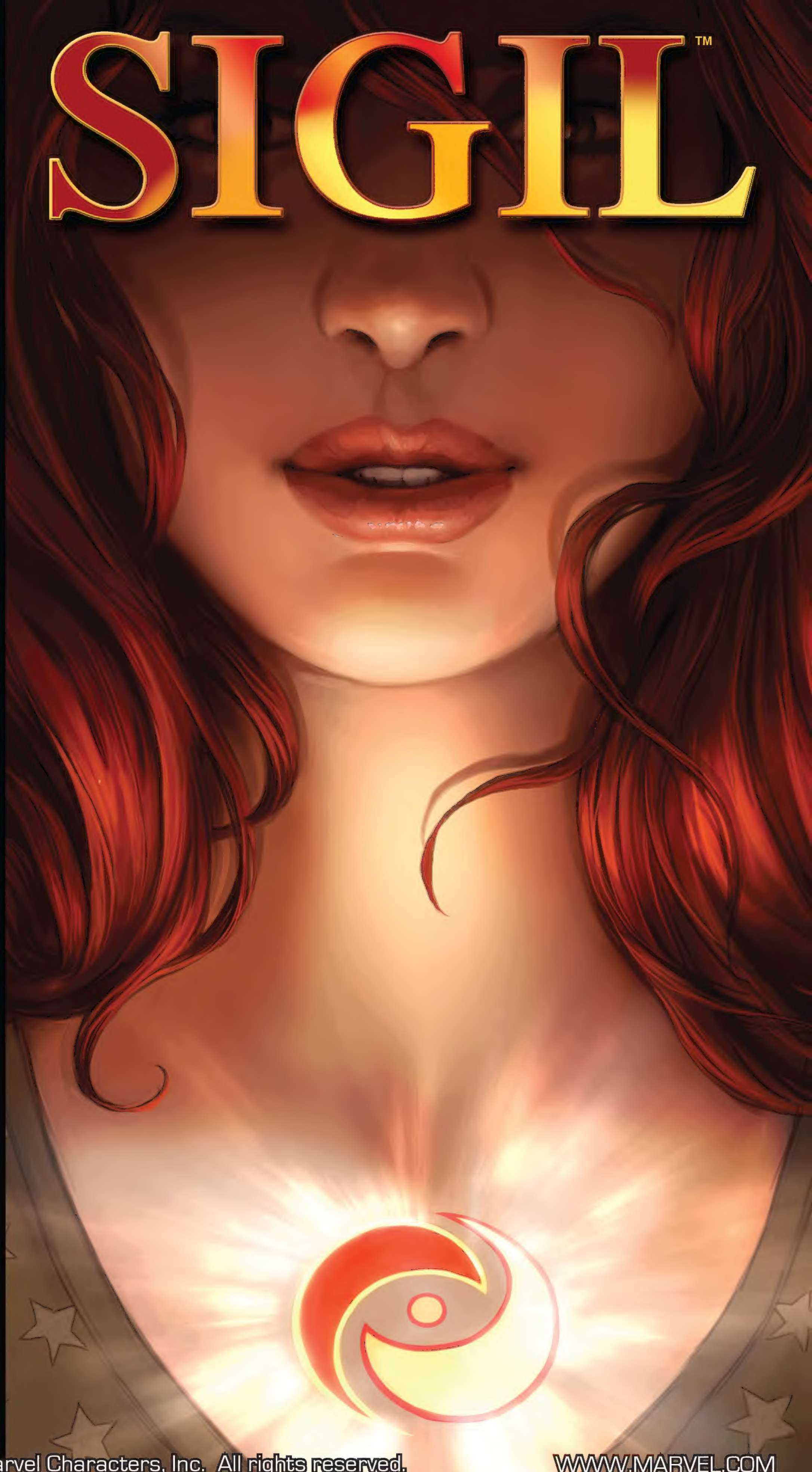
CROSSGEN

ISSUE NUMBER 1

SIGIL™

MIKE CAREY • LEONARD KIRK • ED TADEO • GURU EFX



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WE'VE BEEN HERE *BEFORE*.

YOU ALL *KNOW* WE'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE.

BUT WE THOUGHT WE WERE *WINNING*, CALICO.

AYE. AND WE WERE *DECEIVED*.

NOW THE *EIDOLONS* REPLY-- THUNDEROUSLY.

ACROSS THE *THEATRE* AND THE *OUTSIDE*, THEIR FORCES ARE HARRYING US.

TRUST TO THE SIGIL, MY FRIENDS. THE SIGN THAT IS OUR *BIRTHRIGHT*.

THE SIGN THAT IS OUR *UNION*.

URIAL NEM KOHIR OBARU SIGIL.

AS I'M SURE I DON'T NEED TO *REMIND* YOU.

BUT I *HEAR* YOUR CONCERNS AND I--

...

WELL, NOW. THIS IS-- UNEXPECTED.

AND WHAT IS *YOUR--?*

WHU--?

MMNUH?

GUESS THAT MEANS YOU'RE *UP*. MORNING, SAM.

D--DAD! WHAT--

--TIME IS IT? TIME FOR ***BREAKFAST***.

WHICH IS READY AND ***WAITING***. MOVE!

OKAY! OKAY!

I'M *UP!*

HISTORY? THAT'S--THAT'S *TODAY?*

SAYS SO RIGHT HERE. *HISTORY TEST*, FIRST PERIOD, TUESDAY.

TODAY IS TUESDAY?

SAMANTHA, TELL ME YOU *STUDIED* FOR THIS.

DAD, I *TOTALLY* DID THE READING.

THAT'S PROBABLY WHY I DREAMED ABOUT OLD-TIMEY DUDES AND CREEPY OLD *MANSIONS*. I OVERSTUDIED, AND BROKE MY *BRAIN*.

WELL, GOOD. BECAUSE YOU *NEED* THIS. YOU'RE ALREADY DOING *SUMMER SCHOOL* IN MATH AND SPANISH.

YOU DROP ONE MORE *GRADE*, AND IT'S ALL GOING TO FALL APART ON YOU.

NOT GONNA HAPPEN, DAD-OF-MY-LIFE.

GOD, I *HOPE* NOT, SAM.

I MEAN, I REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE LAST YEAR, AND I REALLY DON'T WANT--

I KNOW. I KNOW. I JUST-- WENT A LITTLE CRAZY, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED.

BUT I'M GOOD NOW, DAD. *EVERYTHING'S* GOOD NOW. I PROMISE.

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE ABOUT RIDING ON THE *SIDEWALK*, SAMANTHA REY!

I'LL CALL YOUR *FATHER!* I MEAN IT!

GO AHEAD, MISS VARLEY!

I GET HOME *BEFORE* HIM! I'LL JUST DELETE THE MESSAGE!

LIKE I DID THE *OTHER* TWENTY-NINE MILLION.

SEVEN TREES CEMETERY AND CHAPEL OF REST

HEY, MOM.

HOW'S IT *GOING?*

VANNESSA REY
1972 - 2010

CERTAIN IS DEATH FOR THE LIVING.

CERTAIN IS LIFE FOR THE DEAD.

IT'S JUST FREESIAS TODAY. AND TO BE HONEST, I *SWIPED* THEM FROM A HEDGE.

HOPE YOU DON'T MIND RECEIVING *STOLEN GOODS*.

DAD'S FINE. STILL *WORKING* UNTIL STUPID O'CLOCK, THOUGH.

SCHOOL-- SCHOOL'S NOT GETTING MUCH *BETTER*, TO BE HONEST.

I'M *TRYING*, MOM. I REALLY AM. BUT--

I STOPPED *BELIEVING*. NOT IN GOD. I GUESS HE'S OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.

IN EVERYTHING ELSE. I CAN'T MAKE MYSELF THINK ANYTHING MATTERS.

BUT IT ALL MATTERS TO *DAD*. SO I GIVE IT MY BEST SHOT.

BUT IT'S LIKE-- WHAT IS ANY OF THIS *ABOUT*, IF SOMEONE CAN JUST--?

IF A DUMB, POINTLESS *ACCIDENT* CAN--?

SORRY. SAID I WOULDN'T BRING THAT *UP* AGAIN. NOBODY'S FAULT.

THAT'S THE *DEFINITION* OF AN ACCIDENT. NOBODY'S *FAULT*.

GOT A *HISTORY* TEST TODAY.

WISH ME *LUCK*.

P

BICYCLE PARKING SCHOOL HOURS ONLY

WHUUUU--

HISTORY

GONNA BE LATE FOR *CLASS*, REY, YOU CAN'T STAY ON YOUR FEET BETTER THAN THAT.

TAMARA! ARE YOU *INSANE?*

BECAUSE THAT WOULD-- YOU KNOW-- EXPLAIN A *LOT*.

I *WARNED* YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM *ROBERTO*.

AND I'M DOING EVERYTHING I *CAN*.

BUT THE LITTLE CREEPAZOID HAS SET UP *CAMP* OUTSIDE MY LOCKER.

BERTO'S *MINE*, REY. M-I-N-E. I'M GONNA MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT.

EVEN IF I HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT IN *MORSE CODE* ON YOUR DOME.

MY *DOME*? SERIOUSLY.

NO, STAY. LET'S MEASURE EACH OTHER'S *DOMES*.

MORONS.

LATER. I'M *PROMISING* YOU. IT'S A DATE.

SHOOT.

DAMN.

BLAST.

MR. CUTWELL! I'M *REALLY* SORRY I'M--

I KNOW, SAMANTHA. YOU'RE *ALWAYS* SORRY.

GO AND SIT DOWN. THE TEST ALREADY *STARTED*.

HEAVY TRAFFIC?

YEAH, ON THE FRONT STEPS. I RAN INTO *TAMARA WACHOWSKI*.

OW. BET *THAT* HURT.

AND I HAD ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE ***DREAMS***. THE ONES WHERE MY BIRTHMARK KEEPS POPPING UP.

I'M ***SPOOKED***, CHRISSIE. I REALLY DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO GO BACK INTO THERAPY. I'D RATHER--

Ms. REY. Ms. BURNHAM.

IF YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE CONCEPT OF *"TEST CONDITIONS,"* THE ***PRINCIPAL'S*** OFFICE AWAITS AT YOUR CONVENIENCE.

CHAPTERS 13-17

TES

1. What was the original purpose of Cabrillo's voyage to the Americas?

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BRAKOOOM

THANK GOD! I CAN BARELY SEE YOU, BUT YOU BEAR THE SIGIL.

OCTOBER IS SEEKING THE CLOUD, AND I CAN'T STOP HIM ALONE!

FOR THE LOVE OF *EN KAI MONON*, HELP ME!

GUUUH!

HELP ME *OUT* HERE, PEOPLE.

PASS YOUR PAPER TO THE *FRONT* BEFORE YOU LEAVE!

WAIT! NO! WHAT'S *HAPPENING?*

COME ON, SAM. *BREVITY* IS THE SOUL OF WIT.

NO EXTRA *TIME* ALLOWED ON THIS ONE.

WAIT.

THIS IS--

IT'S *BLANK.* YOU ONLY WROTE HALF A SENTENCE.

I KNOW! I--MR. CUTWELL, I CAN *EXPLAIN!* HONEST!

EXPLAIN AN HOUR SPENT DOING *NOTHING?* GO AHEAD!

I FELL INTO A *TRANCE*. THAT'S THE TRUTH.

I THINK SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH MY *BRAIN*. I--

FOR ME, THAT *WASN'T* AN HOUR!

THEN THIS WASN'T JUST *CONTEMPT* FOR ME AND THE SUBJECT I TEACH?

I'M SORRY, SAM, IT'S A LITTLE TOO *RIDICULOUS* YOU GET AN *F*.

MR. CUTWELL, PLEASE! LET ME DO A *RETAKE*.

NO RETAKES.

BUT I STUDIED SO HARD! JUST LOOK AT THAT *AMAZING* FIRST SENTENCE!

FIRE

...

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M *DOING* THIS.

BECAUSE YOU'RE A GOOD, GOOD MAN. A MAN OF *COMPASSION!*

STRAIGHT AFTER *CLASS* THIS AFTERNOON. BUT IT'LL BE A NEW SET OF QUESTIONS-- *TOUGHER* THAN THESE ONES.

THANKS, MR. CUTWELL.

THANKS FOR GIVING ME A SECOND *CHANCE*.

A *LAST* CHANCE, SAM. LET'S BE CLEAR ON THAT.

THIS IS A *LAST* CHANCE.

HE SAID THAT? THAT *STINKS!* I THOUGHT BUTT-WELL WAS ONE OF THE *GOOD* GUYS.

HE *IS*. HE'S RIGHT, CHRISSIE.

FROM WHERE HE'S SITTING, I *DESERVE* THIS.

I DIDN'T COMPLETE A SINGLE *ASSIGNMENT* LAST CLASS. AND I SAT IN HIS CLASS LIKE A *ZOMBIE*.

HELLO-O? YOU WERE *BEREAVED*, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

I KNOW. BUT--LIFE GOES ON, RIGHT? AT LEAST IT'S *MEANT* TO.

I JUST--I DON'T KNOW--I ROLLED TO A STOP. LIKE I WAS A TOY, AND SOMEONE HAD TAKEN MY *BATTERIES* OUT.

IT'S HIS JOB TO GET ME *MOVING* AGAIN.

I HEARD YOU GOT A *DETENTION*, SAM. WANT ME TO WAIT FOR YOU AND WALK YOU *HOME?*

SERIOUSLY, BERTO? I THINK YOU'D BE SIGNING A *DEATH WARRANT* FOR THE BOTH OF US.

HUH?

TAMARA WACHOWSKI IS SITTING RIGHT OVER THERE, *WATCHING* US.

AND IF THE *KNIFE* CLUTCHED IN HER DAINTY LITTLE MITT WASN'T PLASTIC--

--I SERIOUSLY DOUBT YOU'D MAKE IT TO THE *DOOR*.

T-TAMARA ISN'T MY *GIRLFRIEND*. BUT--MAYBE SHE THINKS--

UHH--LISTEN, I GOTTA *BOOK*. I'LL SEE YOU.

WITH YOUR *EYES* ALL BLACKENED AND SWOLLEN? I'M THINKING NOT.

MAN, *EVERYTHING* ABOUT TODAY-- EVERY LITTLE THING--HAS SUCKED UNTIL IT *IMPLODED*.

LISTEN, I'M GONNA MISS VOLLEYBALL PRACTICE. WILL YOU LET *BEEB* KNOW NOT TO WAIT FOR ME?

OKAY. WHAT SHOULD I *TELL* HER?

TELL HER I *SCREWED UP*.

AGAIN.

YOU SEE THAT? YOU SEE HOW SHE WAS *DROOLING* OVER HIM?

IT WAS *DISGUSTING*, T.

SHE'S JUST GOT NO *RESPECT*.

NOBODY EVER *TAUGHT* HER.

BUT THIS IS A *SCHOOL*, RIGHT?

OKAY, *CORTES*, DISCOVERED GULF OF CALIFORNIA. *CABRILLO*, FIRST MAPPING EXPEDITION. ALVARADO--

DAMN. WHAT WAS *ALVARADO'S* THING?

LOOK AT *THIS*, NOW.

DON'T *NEED* TO LOOK AT IT. YOU CAN *SMELL* IT WAFTING DOWN THE HALLWAY.

SMELLS LIKE *DEAD MEAT.*

OH JEEZ! TAMARA, I *SWEAR* TO YOU, I DON'T WANT TO STEAL YOUR BOYFRIEND.

I'LL SIGN A *WAIVER*, IF YOU WANT. HE'S NOT MY TYPE!

WHAT, SO NOW BERTO'S NOT *GOOD* ENOUGH FOR YOU? YOU SEE WHAT WE *GOT* HERE?

NO. *PAINT.*

UM... A FAILURE TO *COMMUNICATE?*

WE'RE GONNA TURN YOU INTO A WORK OF *ART.*

LET GO OF ME!

WHAT SHOULD WE *START* WITH? MAYBE A LITTLE BLUE.

I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT BE IN MY *BLUE* PERIOD.

UHHH!

SPLITCH

NOW MAYBE SOME GREEN. GREEN'S YOUR *COLOR*, REY.

I MEAN IT, YOU--

--YOU *KNUCKLE-DRAGGERS!*

GET--

--*OFF* OF ME!!!

TAMMY!

WHAT DID YOU *DO*, YOU FREAK?

I-- I DON'T--

OKAY. GLOVES ARE *OFF*, REY.

WAIT TILL YOU SEE WHAT I CAN DO WITH THE *OTHER* END OF A PAINTBRUSH!

GYM

GET HER!

THERE! SHE WENT *THAT* WAY!

F E

OKAY. SHE'S GOT TO BE AROUND THIS PLACE *SOMEWHERE*. WE GOT HER CUT OFF FROM THE STREET DOORS.

HERE! THIS DOOR'S LOCKED!

YOU *HEAR* ME, REY? YOU'RE GREEN, GREEN GRASS, GIRL.

AND WE'RE GONNA WALK ALL *OVER* YOU.

GET THE *EXTINGUISHER.*

WHAT FOR?

I'M GONNA *SMASH* THE LOCK.

IDIOT! WHY DID I *HIDE?* I SHOULD'VE JUST MADE A BREAK FOR IT!

I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE GOT TO GET--

TO GET--

BRUNNNKT

WHAT THE--

I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS *HERE.*

--OUT OF HERE!

AAAAAAAA!

BARROOOM

SAM! I WAS NEVER *HAPPIER* TO SEE YOU!

OCTOBER COMES HARD AT OUR HEELS, AND WE NEEDS MUST--

OH MY GOD! HOW DO YOU KNOW MY *NAME?*

AND--WHY ARE YOU ALL DRESSED LIKE *PIRATES?*

OH MAN! NORMAL PEOPLE DREAM ABOUT *FLYING*. OR WALKING TO SCHOOL *NAKED*. I GET PIRATES!

YOU--YOU DON'T *KNOW* ME?

WELL, YOU KNOW, ONLY FROM WELL, THIS SOUNDS WEIRD, BUT, MY DREAMS.

THIS IS NO DREAM, CHILD. NO FANTASY.

WE NEEDED HER AS THE MASTER. THIS IS HER BEFORE SHE EVEN BECOMES AN APPRENTICE.

WE'RE LOST. THERE IS NO HELP TO BE HAD HERE.

SO THIS IS THE GREAT *WARRIOR* YOU PROMISED US, WOODVINE?

CAPTAIN SIN, IF YOU COULD ONLY SEE WHAT SHE *BECOMES*. THE-- THE BATTLES WE'VE FOUGHT. THE *MIRACLES* SHE'S PERFORMED.

ARE YOU ON *DRUGS?* YOU SHOULD JUST SAY NO, MAN.

IT IS *NO* SOLDIER. IT BLEATS LIKE A *MAIDEN* IN A CLOISTER.

DIOS MIO! I WAS *MAD* TO TRUST YOU. MAD TO EVEN *SEEK* THIS TREASURE, WHEN SO MANY HAVE BEEN WRECKED BY IT.

SAM, YOU NEED TO LISTEN TO ME. IT'S *1695* AND YOU ARE ON THE BRIGANTINE *EL CAZADOR*.

BUT THIS IS NOT *YOUR* FIGHT.

HEY, I DON'T *HAVE* A FIGHT! AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU *ARE*.

I WAS A FRIEND OF YOUR *MOTHER'S*.

AND I WILL BE *YOUR* FRIEND, SOME DAY, WHETHER YOU BELIEVE THAT OR NOT.

MY MOTHER? WHAT'S MY *MOTHER* GOT TO DO WITH--?

VASQUEZ! THEY'RE ***ABREAST*** OF US!

LUCIFERO, TURN ***HARD!*** TURN HARD TO--

BAROOOOOM

M-MY GOD! THEY'RE ***SHOOTING*** AT US!

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US WITH ***CANNONS!***

GO, SAM. LEAVE THIS PLACE. I'M ***BOUND*** TO FIGHT, BUT YOU'RE NOT.

I WON'T SEE YOU ***DIE*** FOR NOTHING!

BUT--BUT YOU SAID YOU KNEW MY ***MOTHER!***

SHE WAS MY ***COMRADE*** IN A HUNDRED BATTLES. A SOLDIER IN A ***WAR*** WHOSE BATTLEFIELDS SPAN ALL ETERNITY.

NO, SHE WAS A FINANCIAL ***CONSULTANT!***

WHERE DID YOU GUYS MEET? AT A PIRATE ***INVESTMENT*** SEMINAR?

IT MATTERS NOT. VANESSA LIVED A ***WARRIOR'S*** LIFE. SHE DIED... TOO ***SOON.***

AND THE MAN WHO ***KILLED*** HER IS ON THAT SHIP WE'RE FLEEING FROM.

WELL, ACTUALLY THAT'S NOT TRUE.

WHAT CAN I SAY?

I JUST COULDN'T *WAIT.*

To Be Continued

CROSSGEN™

ISSUE NUMBER 2

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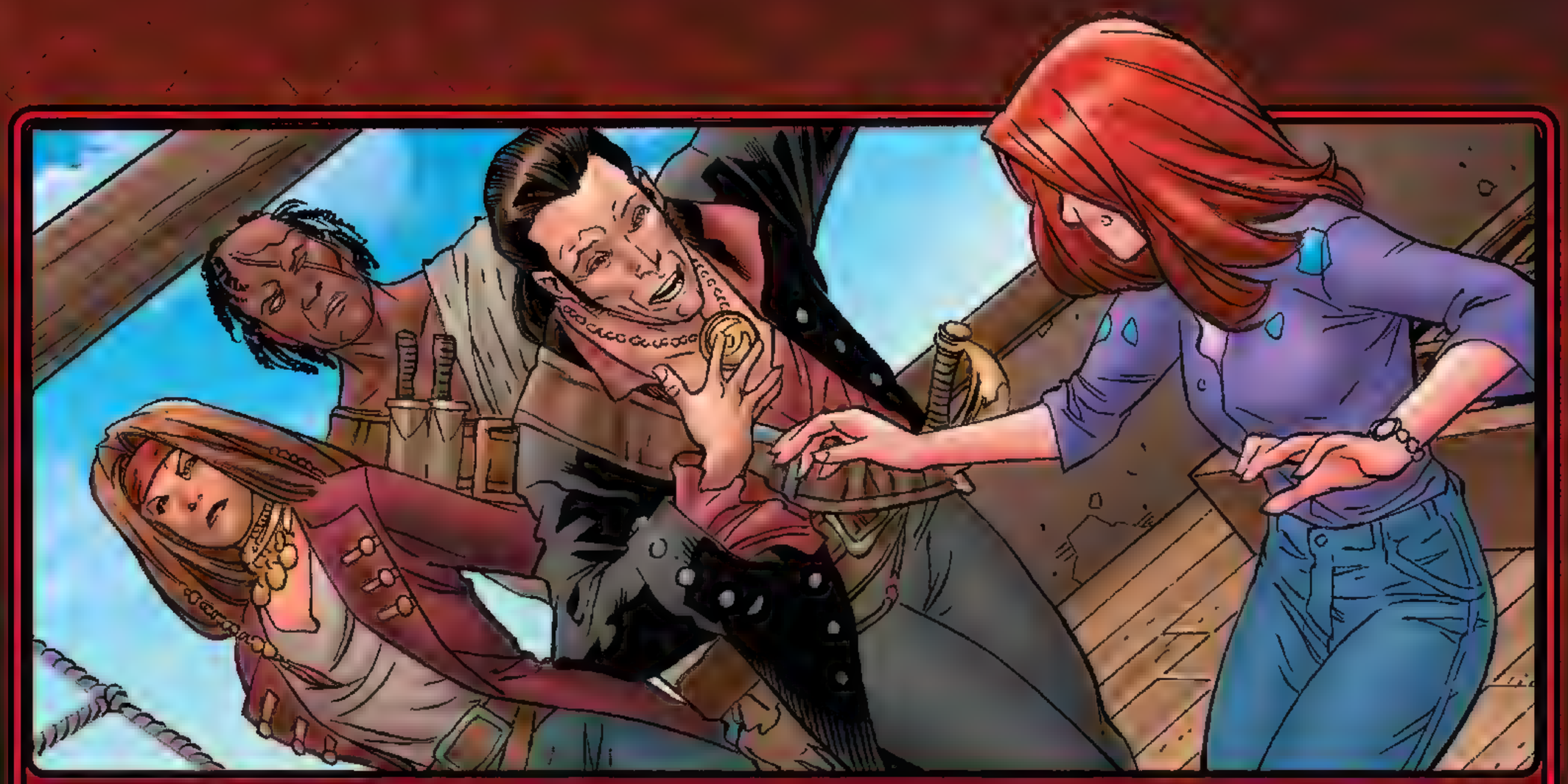
CROSSGEN

IN THE WAR FOR FOREVER, TIME IS BUT AN OBSTACLE.

But Is Samantha Rey A Secret Weapon…Or The Living End?



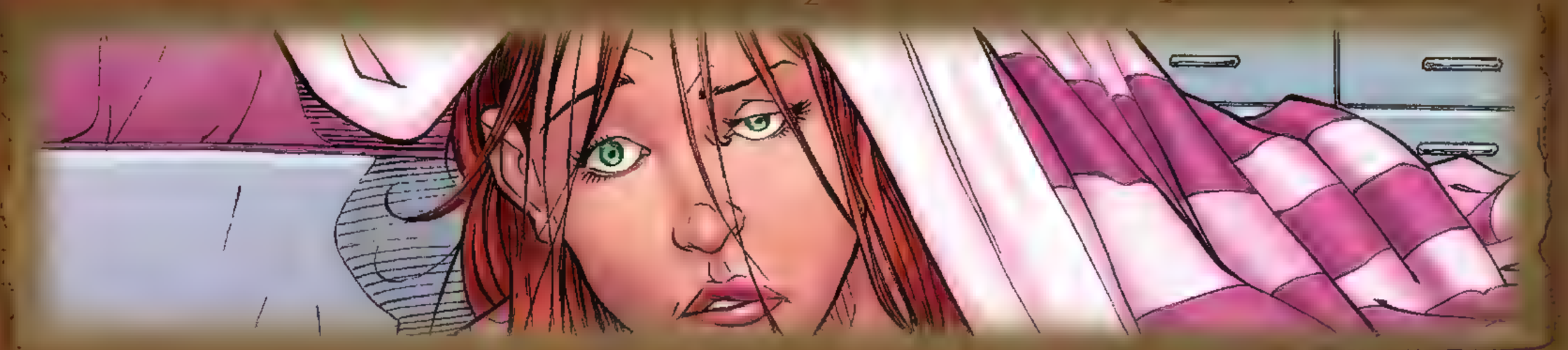
Samantha Rey was just an average teenager, waiting for the right time to escape high school and the all too harsh realities of home – until time decided to escape her! Suddenly, Sam is thrust into a centuries-spanning conflict far beyond the limits of mortal comprehension…and, somehow tethered to it all, is a mysterious emblem blazing on her chest. How does this sigil hold the key to every plane of space-time…and why has it selected Sam to represent mankind in an eons-old battle between creation and entropy, order and chaos? As she tumbles through history, discovering the lies and truths about her own nature, Sam will be forced to choose a side… and, as go her allegiances, so too does the fate of the universe! Jump into a genre-defying adventure of cosmic proportions as the masterful team of New York Times best selling author Mike Carey and acclaimed illustrator Leonard Kirk journey to limits of perception to unlock the secrets of *Sigil*!

MARVEL

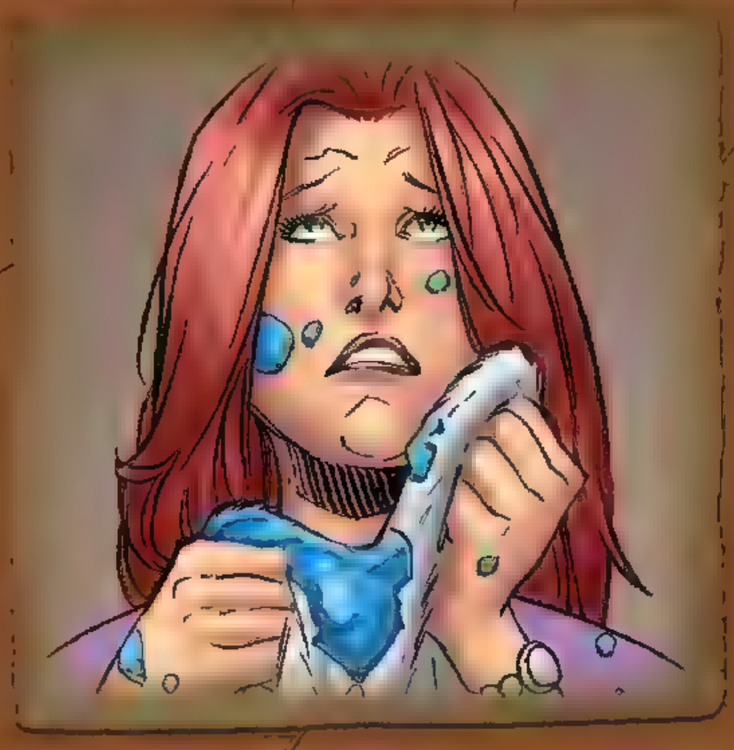
SIGIL

Samantha Ray is a pretty normal teenage girl with pretty normal teenage problems:

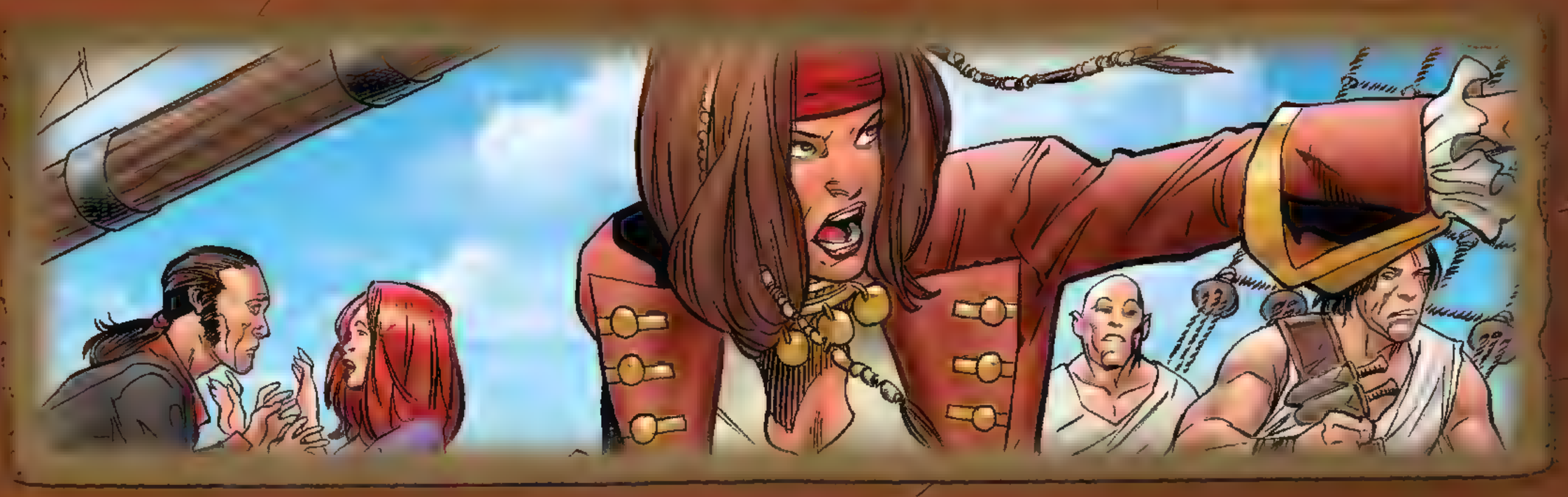
She lives with her dad. She has trouble getting to school on time and paying attention in class and she has a jealous bully breathing down her neck over some boy troubles. All pretty normal



But Sam's normal life comes to an end when she discovers that the strange birthmark on her chest is in fact a Sigil with the power to whisk her away through time. Unable to control the time jumps, she's currently stuck on the pirate ship El Cazador where the first mate Woodvine claims to know Sam and to know Sam's deceased mother, once a mighty warrior and wielder of the Sigil.



Before Woodvine has a chance to explain himself to Sam and Sin, the fiery female Captain of the El Cazador raises the alarm. The dread Pirate October is boarding their ship, and it seems he also bears the power of the Sigil.



BRING THEM DOWN. AND BRING ME *EL CAZADOR'S* SEA CHART.

LET ALL ELSE FALL AS IT *WILL*.

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

SPAK

YOU DITCH-DROPPED *MONGRELS!*

BY *SAMEDI*, I'LL SLICE YOU THINNER THAN PAPER!

THESE ARE NO *NAVY* TARS!

THE ROYAL BLUE THEY WEAR IS *COUNTERFEIT!*

BUT THE *RED* UNDERNEATH--

BOOM

--THAT'S REAL.

COME, SAM. THERE ARE THINGS WE MUST DO.

AND CAPTAIN SIN IS GIVING US THE COVER WE NEED!

WHAT? WH-WHAT ARE YOU--?

CAPTAI

AAAA!

I'M *CUT!* THIS--THIS ISN'T A DREAM, IS IT?

IT'S REALLY *HAPPENING.* OH GOD!

NONE OF THIS WAS AN *ACCIDENT*, SAM. I CALLED TO YOUR OLDER SELF, BUT IT WAS *YOU* THAT HEARD ME.

I-I THINK I'VE BEEN HEARING YOU FOR *WEEKS*.

AT LEAST, I WAS *DREAMING* ABOUT YOU.

THAT WAS YOUR *SIGIL*, WAKING UP. BUT STILL--

BLAM

--SOMEONE DEFLECTED MY *DISTRESS CALL* INTO THE WRONG TIME THEATRE. I'D LIKE TO KNOW *WHO*.

IS THAT WHAT THE GUYS OUT THERE ARE *LOOKING* FOR?

IT'S A *MAP*. A SEA CHART. YOUR *MOTHER* DREW IT, AND CHARTERED EL CAZADOR TO CARRY US.

AND THERE YOU GO *AGAIN* WITH THAT STUFF!

WE WERE LOOKING FOR A *TREASURE*.

THIS IS ABOUT PIRATE TREASURE? YOU'RE *KIDDING* ME!

NOT GOLD, OR PRECIOUS STONES, BUT SOMETHING *RARER* AND STRANGER. *OCTOBER* MUSTN'T BE ALLOWED TO TAKE IT.

THEY'RE IN HERE!

CAPTAIN OCTOBER, I'VE *FOUND* THEM!

SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
IT'S HELPFUL AT FIRST TO *DIRECT* THE FORCE WITH THE MOVEMENTS OF YOUR HAND.
AN OPEN PALM FOR THE *SHIELD* FUNCTION.
A CLOSED *FIST* WHEN YOU WANT TO ATTACK.
KRESCHHHHH
GUUUUH!
TRY IT, SAM.
WHAT!?
YOU BEAR THE MARK. IT'S WRITTEN ON YOUR *FLESH*, WHERE MOST OF US ONLY CARRY IT. TRY.
LOOK, I DON'T HAVE *SUPER-POWERS*, OKAY?
I CAN'T EVEN THROW A NORMAL *PUNCH*, SO WHY SHOULD MY CLOSED FIST DO--
OH!
HEY!
KBOOM

OH, SPIT!

YOU *RAN* FROM ME, WOODVINE. THAT'S INTENSELY DISAPPOINTING.

I'D *STEELED* MYSELF FOR A BATTLE. A STRUGGLE OF MIGHTY *OPPOSITES*.

BUT CLEARLY--

--I GAVE THE FORCES OF THE *EN KAI MONON* TOO MUCH *CREDIT*.

SHRAKKT

YOU GO *LIGHT-CLAD*, LIKE A WARRIOR.

KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU JERK!

BUT YOU'RE ONLY A *CHILD*, THAT SHOULD BE AT ITS LESSONS.

I SAID--

WHAKK

GET AWAY!!!

HAH.

O-OKAY. THAT WASN'T--

BRATOOOOM

THIS IS NO *GAME*, GIRL.

NUUUH!

THE *PANTOMACHY* IS SOLEMN SOOTH, AND NO BUSINESS FOR BABES IN ARMS.

NOW, YOU NEED SOMETHING TO *CURB* YOU A LITTLE, LEST YOUR FEET ITCH TO *JUMP*.

A SHIP HAS ITS *ANCHOR*. A FELON, HIS *CHAINS*.

AND A WAYWARD CHILD, HER *LULLABY*.

NO.

HERE ON THE *RED HARVEST*, AND THIS FAR OUT TO SEA, IT'S BETTER TO THINK OF ME AS AN UNREASONABLE *GOD*.

AND SO I AM *ASKING*-- WITH AN UNDERTONE OF REAL AND IMPLACABLE *THREAT*--

WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS THE *MAP*?

VETE AL INFIERNO, SON OF A PIG!

NOBODY HERE WILL TALK TO YOU!

ONE FOR *SORROW*.

TWO FOR *JOY*.

THREE FOR A *GIRL*.

FOUR FOR A *BOY*.

TIME.

SHADOWMAN

FIVE FOR SILVER.
SIX FOR GOLD.
SEVEN FOR A SECRET--

ENOUGH!
OCTOBER, YOU KNOW THE MAP IS GONE! YOUR MEN SAW ME BURN IT IN THE CABIN!

OH, THEY TOLD ME. BUT I'M NO *FOOL*, TO BE GULLED WITH SUCH AN *OBVIOUS* FEINT.
TAKE THE REST OF THEM *BELOW*. FOR NOW, AT LEAST.

I MUST BE MR. WOODVINE'S *PRIEST*, IT SEEMS.
AND HEAR HIS *CONFESSION*.

GET IN THERE, YOU LUGGERS, AND BE *DAMNED* TO YOU!

THEM AS MAKES A *NUISANCE* WILL GET THEMSELVES KEEL-HAULED!

LIFE IS A LANTERN IN A *STORM*, CULLY.

ENJOY THE LIGHT WHILE IT *LASTS*.

ARE THESE LODGINGS TO YOUR *SATISFACTION*, YOUR LADYSHIP?

YOU'LL SKIP NO MORE ROUND A *BOUCAN* FIRE, YOU CROSSBONES DOXY!

NEXT DANCE YOU DO WILL BE WITH A *ROPE* AROUND YOUR THROAT!

LET ME SEE TO YOUR *WOUNDS*, CAPTAIN.

I'M FINE, JACKENARD. A *PISTOL* IN MY HAND IS THE ONLY TONIC I NEED.

LOOK TO THE *GIRL*.

SHE'S *HURT* WORSE THAN ANY OF US.

AND *INFESTED*, TO BOOT.

D-DON'T TOUCH IT! DON'T *TOUCH* IT!

IT'S LIKE A LEECH OR A *TICK*, CAPTAIN. BUT OF TREMENDOUS SIZE.

IF IT *FEEDS* IN THE SAME WAY, I'LL NEED IRON AND *FIRE* TO REMOVE IT SAFELY.

OH GOD, I JUST WANT TO GO *HOME!*

I DON'T *BELONG* HERE! I CAN'T DO THIS!

STRAP ME! SHE'S *BLUBBING!*

WOODVINE PROMISED US A *WARRIOR*, AND GAVE US A PULING BABY!

STOW YOUR WIND, SPICER. IT'S NOT *HER* FAULT IF PROMISES WERE MADE ON HER BEHALF.

LOOK YOU, GIRL. I'VE LODGED IN THE SELF-SAME *BILLET*, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE FEELING.

THOSE JACKALS WAX *FAT* ON YOUR TEARS. SHOW A HEART HARD AS *DIAMOND*, AND SHAME THEM.

HARD AS *DIAMOND*. RIGHT.

THANK YOU-- CAPTAIN.

DID WOODVINE GIVE TRUE *REPORT* OF YOU? DO YOU SHARE HIS POWERS?

YEAH. I THINK I *DO*. BUT THIS THING-- WHEN OCTOBER STUCK IT ON MY NECK, I GOT *DIZZY*. AND SICK.

I CAN'T SEEM TO PUT TWO *THOUGHTS* TOGETHER.

WELL, WE MUST *ENDURE* FOR NOW. AT LEAST WOODVINE DESTROYED THE *MAP*.

OCTOBER WILL WASTE *TIME* WITH HIS THREATS AND TORMENTS, AND WE CAN HOPE TO--

OPEN UP, THERE!

CAPTAIN'S *DONE* WITH THIS ONE. WORE 'IM DOWN TO THE BARE BONE.

CAPTAIN'S A RARE MAN FOR THE RACK AND THE SCREW. THAT HE *IS!*

THE REST OF YOU GAPESEEDS MIGHT LIKE TO INSPECT THE *WORKMANSHIP*.

YOUR TURN WILL COME, SOON ENOUGH!

MR. WOODVINE! GOD, WHAT DID THEY *DO* TO YOU?

N-NOTHING. DOESN'T *MATTER*.

LISTEN. LISTEN.

COULDN'T TELL HIM-- WHAT I DIDN'T *KNOW*. YOUR M-MOTHER'S *FORESIGHT*.

SHE DID--RECONNAISSANCE. KEPT IT ALL--IN HER *HEAD*.

EVEN THE MAP WAS--JUST TO GET US TO THE MOUTH OF THE *RIVER*. FROM THERE--

TAKE THIS, WITH MY--BLESSING. *LEAD* THEM.

LEAD THEM? LEAD THEM *WHERE?*

REINA DE LOS ANGELES. S-SEVEN. SEVEN-- TREES!

HE SAYS TO BRING THE *GIRL*, NEXT. THE LITTLE MOPPET.

AND TO TIE HER *HANDS*, AS SHE'S SUCH A *TERMAGANT*.

DON'T BE AFEARED, PRECIOUS. WE WON'T *HURT* YOU.

COME ON OUT OF THAT THERE *CORNER*.

COME IN AND *GET* ME, JERKWAD.

LEAVE HER ALONE! SHE'S BUT A *CHILD!*

SHOULDN'T HAVE SAILED UNDER THE *JOLLY ROGER*, THEN, SHOULD SHE?

IF YOU LIVE WITH *DOGS*, YOU CATCH FLEAS

FWIP

AND WHAT IF YOU LIVE WITH *MONKEYS?*

YOU'VE GOT BUT THE ONE *BALL*, YOU MAD STRUMPET!

WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU CAN *DO* WITH JUST THE ONE--

BOOM

YOU--

YOU KILLED--

FLY, LITTLE BIRD.

HHNNN!

NO!

GRAB 'ER, DONKIN! HOLD 'ER FAST!

YES! IT'S WORKING!

I CAN

FEEL IT!

BUT WHERE-- DAMN!

I MUST HAVE JUMPED BACK TO THE STONE AGE, OR--

WHY DO WE GRIEVE, AT THIS TIME? WHY IS IT THAT WE'RE SAD?

WE GRIEVE FOR THE ONE WHO'S BEEN *TAKEN* FROM US. WE'RE SAD BECAUSE WE *MISS* THEM.

BUT TO THE EYE OF *ETERNITY*, THIS MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL.

VANESSA REY CHOSE THE WORDS FOR HER OWN HEADSTONE, TAKING HER THEME FROM THE *BHAGAVAD GITA*.

"CERTAIN IS **DEATH**, FOR THE LIVING. CERTAIN IS **LIFE**, FOR THE DEAD." THINK ABOUT THAT.

SHE HAD NO *DOUBTS* ABOUT HER EVENTUAL RESURRECTION.

OH NO! NO NO NO!

SHE WASN'T AFRAID TO BE *PARTED* FROM HER LOVED ONES FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

BECAUSE SHE KNEW HOW SOON THEY'D BE *REUNITED*.

SAM, ARE YOU OKAY?

I CAN'T BE HERE, DAD! I CAN'T *STAND* THIS!

SAM!

PLEASE!

GET ME *OUT* OF HERE GET ME *OUT* OF HERE GET ME *OUT* OF HERE.

GET THE *EXTINGUISHER.*

I'M GONNA *SMASH* THE LOCK.

WHAT FOR?

THERE'S NOBODY HERE.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID SHE WAS *HERE.*

TAM, SHE'S OVER *THERE!* SHE DOUBLED BACK!

GET HER!

I DON'T *NEED* THIS!

I REALLY, *REALLY* DON'T NEED THIS!

SLAMMM

DAMN! I'M GONNA HIT THAT TRAMP SO HARD, HER *GRANDKIDS* WILL BE BORN WITH BRUISES!

WATCH THE DOOR. SHE'S NOT GETTING PAST US *TWICE.*

WHO IS THIS?

WHO'S USING THIS *CORRIDOR?*

WH-- WHA--?

SHUT UP! PLEASE!

ARE YOU IN *TROUBLE*, BEARER? I LOGGED TWO *JUMPS*, VERY CLOSE TOGETHER.

PLEASE CONFIRM YOUR *THEATRE*.

HEY, LOOK!

OLLY OLLY OXEN *FREE*, REY.

I'M SICK OF *DANCING* WITH YOU, YOU LITTLE RATBAG!

ALL YOU HAD TO *DO* WAS LEAVE HIM ALONE.

UFFF!

YOU READY TO DO AS YOU'RE *TOLD* NOW, GIRL?

YOU READY TO COME TO *HEEL*, LIKE A GOOD DOG?

T-TAMARA! STOP IT! THE *STAIR RAIL* IS--

UKKK!

WHUMP

OH GOD!
OH GOD!

OKAY. HERE WE GO.

HARD AS *DIAMOND.*

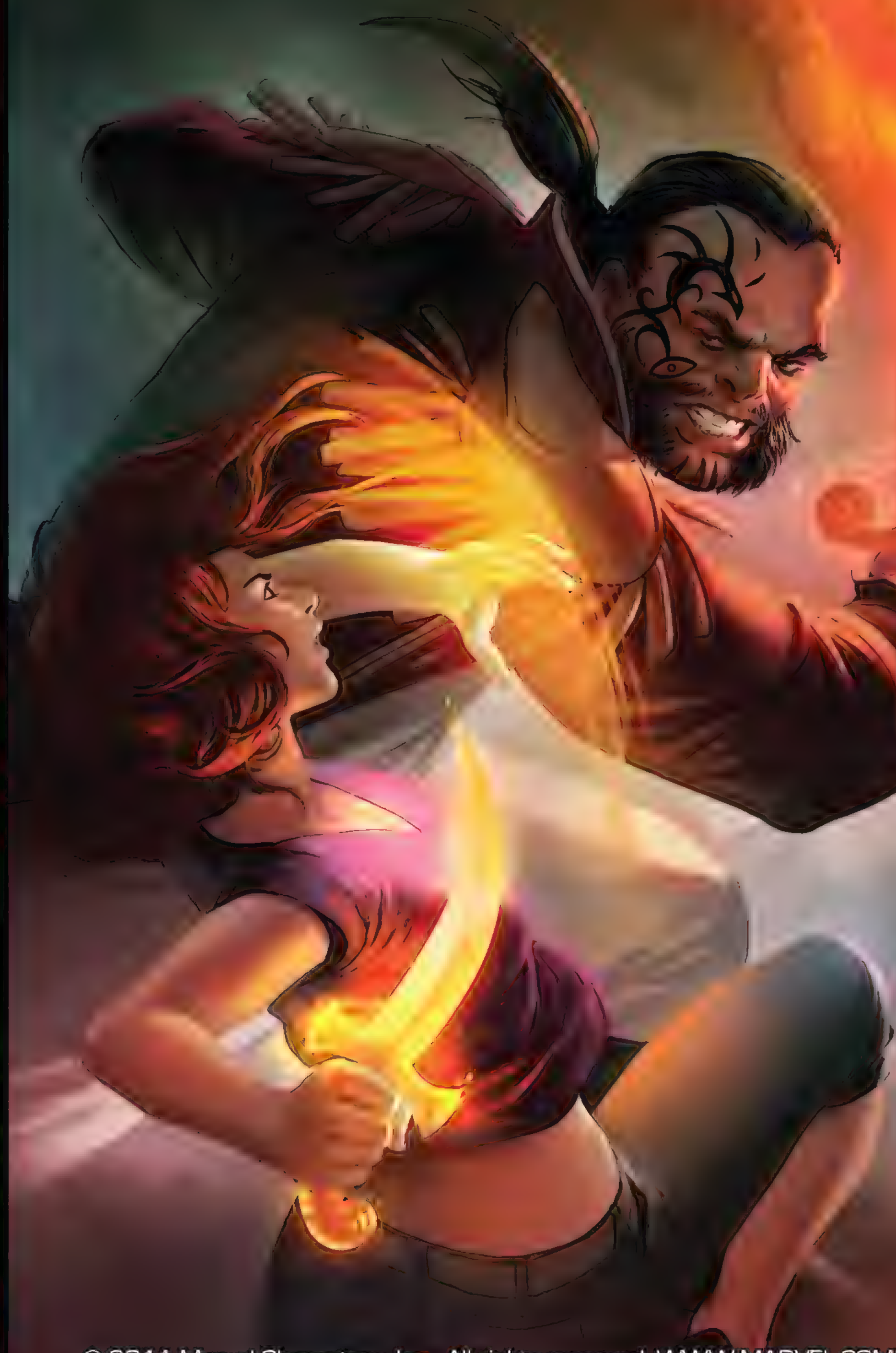
To Be Continued

CROSSGEN™

ISSUE NUMBER 3

MIKE CAREY • LEONARD KIRK • ED TADEO • GURU EFX

SIGIL™



MARVEL

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SIGIL

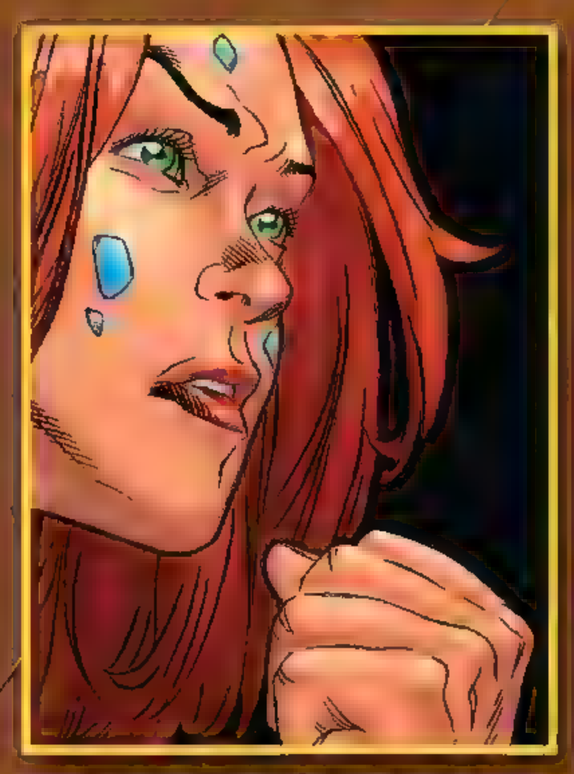
Samantha Rey's normal life comes to an end when she discovers that the strange birthmark on her chest is in fact a Sigil, with the power to whisk her away through time.

Unable to control the time jumps, she becomes stuck on the pirate ship El Cazador. The first mate Woodvine claims to know not only Sam but also her deceased mother, once a mighty warrior and wielder of the Sigil.

Sam has no time to get her head around what's happening, as the El Cazador is boarded by Captain October, who uses his own Sigil's power to deadly effect.

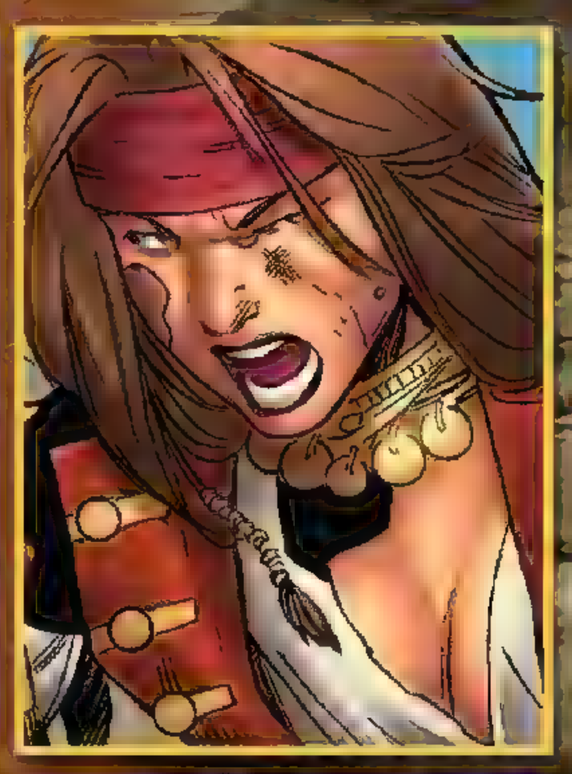
Sam and the crew are taken prisoner and Woodvine is beaten for information on the location of a mystical treasure. He manages to tell Sam the location of the treasure before succumbing to the torture at the hands of October.

The fiery Captain Sin of the El Cazador helps Sam escape her chains. But Sam won't run off just now. She's learned to control her Sigil to a degree and October's minions had best beware.



Samantha Rey

Captain October



Captain Sin

HER MAJESTY'S MAN O'WAR.
RED HARVEST. 1695.

SO THIS CULLY COMES AT ME WITH A *MATTOCK*, THINKING OI'LL FLINCH.

DAMN 'IS *EYES!*

BUT OI STOOD MOI GROUND, AND 'TWAS *HIM* AS DID THE FLINCHING!

WHAT WAS *THAT?*

NAY, THERE'S SOMEONE THERE.

WASN'T BUT THE *WIND*, SURELY.

WHY, 'TIS THAT YOUNG ONE FROM THE *CAZADOR!*

SHE THAT GIVE *MR. CUTTER* THE SLIP!

D-DON'T *HURT* ME!

HURT YOU? WHY, CAPTAIN OCTOBER WILL HURT *US* IF HE SEES YOU RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!

YOU'LL GET HONEST MEN *FLOGGED!*

AYE, WE'LL HURT YOU *PROPER*, MISTRESS SCAB!

YEAH. *THOUGHT* SO.

YOU LOOK THE *TYPE.*

SO HOW DOES IT GO AGAIN? OKAY, YEAH.

"TO KEEP YOURSELF FROM DEATH AND HARM, RAISE YOUR HAND WITH OPEN PALM."

KRSCH

OUTSTANDING!

NOW, WHICH WAY TO THE BRIG?

"WHEN YOU WANT TO BREAK SOME SCUMBAG'S HEAD--

KRATOOM

"--YOU BETTER MAKE A FIST INSTEAD."

VRAHHH!

HEY, GUYS. I'M ***BACK***. AND NOTE THE SHINY ENERGY FIELD-- JUST LIKE YOUR ***CAPTAIN'S!***

SO MAKE THIS ***EASY*** ON YOURSELVES, AND--

BLAM

JEEZ! OKAY, ***FORGET*** IT. NEVER MIND.

I GUESS YOU'RE ALL WORKING ON YOUR ***HENCHMAN*** BADGES.

SHOOOM

SORRY.

THIS IS PROBABLY GONNA LEAVE A ***BRUISE***.

ST-STAY BACK, OR I'LL ***SHOOT*** THE PRISONERS.

I'LL SHOOT THEM LIKE MONGREL ***DOGS!***

VLANNNG

MONGRELS WE *ARE*, CULLY.

BUT WE KNOW HOW TO *BITE*.

GET THE *KEYS*. UNLOCK THE CELLS, GIRL.

SORRY.

I THINK I KIND OF *DENTED* THE KEYS.

BUT I'VE GOT A *PLAN B*.

SHANK

BLESS YOU, GIRL. MAY ANGELS ANOINT YOU WITH *RUM*.

UH-- THANKS, CAPTAIN SIN.

SO LONG AS THEY DON'T ASK FOR I.D. FIRST. I'M UNDERAGE.

NOW IT'S BACK TO *EL CAZADOR*, MY STOUT HEARTS.

LET'S CLEAR THESE *PLAGUE RATS* OFF OUR SHIP!

...

GO AHEAD. I'LL CATCH UP.

GIRL, *OCTOBER* IS DANGEROUS.

YEAH. I KNOW.

SO AM I.

MAGISTERS, WE TOOK EL CAZADOR, AND HER CREW. I PERSONALLY SLEW *TOBIAS WOODVINE*.

HOWEVER, THERE WAS A *SECOND* SIGIL-BEARER--ONE I'D NEVER SEEN BEFORE. WE SUBDUED HER BUT SHE ESCAPED US.

SHE IS NOT-- *UNKNOWN* TO US. AND HER--PRESENCE HERE--IS PART OF A TROUBLING PATTERN. *KILL* HER IF YOU-- MEET HER AGAIN.

BUT THE *CLOUD* MUST BE-- YOUR FIRST PRIORITY.

LOCATE IT. SECURE IT. DO *NOT* DISAPPOINT US.

THE EMPEROR

WOODVINE WAS ABLE TO DESTROY THE *MAP*.

BUT I'M SURE THAT *SIN* OR ONE OF HER RABBLE MUST KNOW--

...

THE WINDOW

A *MOMENT*, MAGISTERS.

OCTOBER! THIS *AUDIENCE* IS--NOT CONCLUDED.

NO. BUT I BEG YOUR *LEAVE*.

I NEED A LITTLE *AIR*.

THUNNN

HEY.

MADE YOU LOOK.

KRESCHHHHH

OCTOBER?

WHAT IS HAPPENING?

SORRY, GUYS. HE'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU.

EL CAZADOR.

MMMPH!

GUUUH!

THAT BE *MY* PLACE, LUBBER.

AND NO MAN *ELSE'S!*

ALL *DONE*, CAPTAIN. WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS?

HEAD FOR THE *RIVER*, JACKENARD. THE RED HARVEST DRAWS TEN FEET *DEEPER* THAN US. SHE CAN'T FOLLOW US THERE.

AND THE *GIRL?*

SHE SAID SHE'D MAKE HER *OWN* WAY. AND SEE-- SHE'S AS GOOD AS HER *WORD*.

GET OUT OF THE WAY! PLEASE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO--

--STOP!

OW!

OW!

OW!

YOU *COPED* OCTOBER?

IF THAT MEANS WHAT I *THINK* IT DOES, THEN YEAH. I COPED HIM TILL HE BLED OUT OF HIS *EARS*.

WITH ANY LUCK, HE'S NOT GOING TO *NOTICE* YOU LEAVING.

THAT'S *TWO* MIRACLES. DARE I ASK FOR A THIRD?

DID WOODVINE TELL YOU WHERE BLACKJACK TOM'S *TREASURE* LIES?

YEAH, KIND OF. I THINK I CAN *FIND* IT.

THEN RAISE *ANCHOR*, LUCIFERO, AND LET'S AWAY.

BEFORE THOSE RED-EYED *KITES* REALIZE THEIR CAGE IS EMPTY!

"AND STAY **AFT** OF HER.

"THE RED HARVEST HAS MORE **GUNS** THAN A SHARK HAS TEETH!"

MR. SALLOW, SHE'S MOVING OFF, AND THE *CAPTAIN'S* NOT TO BE FOUND! SHOULD WE GIVE *CHASE?*

AYE, DO WHAT YOU CAN.

BUT SIN'S NO *FOOL*. SHE'S MAKING FOR THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.

"ONCE THEY GET THE CAZADOR IN THERE--

"--THEY'RE OUT OF OUR REACH."

OKAY, THIS FEELS REALLY *STUPID*. BUT I'M GOING TO SAY IT ANYWAY.

ARE YOU *RECEIVING* ME? OVER.

I MEAN, IT HAD TO BE *YOU*, RIGHT? YOUR VOICE I HEARD.

BUT WHO *ARE* YOU? AND WHAT'S YOUR *PICTURE* DOING IN THE SAME LOCKET AS MY MOM'S?

GREAT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *WORSE*. THAT I'M TALKING TO A PIECE OF COSTUME JEWELRY, OR THAT IT'S *IGNORING* ME.

WELL, I CAN DO THIS *WITHOUT* YOUR--

AAAA!

THE LOCKET IS A COMMUNICATOR. LIKE THE *CARDS* YOU SAW IN OCTOBER'S CABIN.

O-OKAY! GOT IT!

YOU'RE *SAMANTHA REY*-- VANESSA'S DAUGHTER. AND SOMEHOW YOU BEAR THE SIGIL, THOUGH IT WAS NEVER FORMALLY *GIFTED* TO YOU.

IT'S KIND OF LIKE A *BIRTHMARK*. AND UNTIL RECENTLY, THAT'S *ALL* IT WAS.

WHO ARE *YOU?*

I'M *STEPHAN CALICO*. AND TO ANSWER YOUR *EARLIER* QUESTIONS... WOODVINE NEEDED YOUR MOTHER'S IMAGE BECAUSE SHE WAS HIS ASSIGNED *PARTNER*.

AND *MINE*, BECAUSE I WAS-- WELL, LET'S SAY THEIR SUPERIOR *OFFICER* WHEN THEY WERE IN THE FIELD.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND LIKE THEY WERE *SOLDIERS* IN A WAR!

THEY *WERE*.

MY MOM WAS A FINANCIAL--

SHE HAD A *COVER STORY*, SAM. THAT ENABLED HER TO HAVE A LIFE. AND OF COURSE, TO HAVE *YOU*.

I'D LIKE TO *SHOW* YOU SOMETHING. THE SIGIL WILL DELIVER THE *IMAGES* DIRECTLY TO YOUR OPTIC NERVE.

IT WILL HELP IF YOU CLOSE YOUR *EYES*.

WHY WOULD I WANT TO--?

AAAA!

THE TRANSITION IS SOMETIMES *DISORIENTING*. BUT REMEMBER, NONE OF WHAT YOU'RE SEEING IS REAL.

FOURTEEN BILLION YEARS AGO. THE *BIG BANG*.

WOW. *THAT'S* WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE?

I THOUGHT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN-- YOU KNOW--BIGGER. AND *LOUDER*.

THE UNIVERSE *EXPANDED* FROM A ZERO-D POINT TO THE SIZE OF A *SOLAR SYSTEM* IN A FEW BILLIONTHS OF A SECOND.

IN THE PROCESS, THE BASIC *LAWS* OF TIME AND SPACE WERE ROUGHED OUT, TESTED AND THEN FULLY *INSTALLED*.

EONS PASSED. SUNS COALESCED. *PLANETS* FORMED. THE NECESSARY CONDITIONS FOR *LIFE* BEGAN TO ARISE.

NO OFFENSE. BUT I ALREADY KNOW MOST OF THIS FROM THAT *CARL SAGAN* SHOW ON PBS.

AND IT FEELS KIND OF LIKE *OLD* NEWS.

IT WAS... *CONTROVERSIAL*, ONCE.

SOME OF THE *POWERS* INVOLVED DIDN'T REALLY APPROVE.

SAY *WHAT*, NOW?

"*THE POWERS*"? ARE WE TALKING ABOUT, LIKE-- *GODS*?

THE GODS DON'T INVOLVE THEMSELVES WITH ANYTHING SO *TRIVIAL* AS THE CRAFTING OF INDIVIDUAL *UNIVERSES*.

NO. OF COURSE NOT. MY *BAD*.

IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO THINK OF THE POWERS AS *SUB-CONTRACTORS*. SPECIAL ADVISERS. AND THE *SIGIL* WAS ONE OF THE TOOLS THEY USED.

BUT THERE WERE *ARGUMENTS* AS TO EXACTLY WHAT THE JOB ENTAILED.

THE *PATH* THAT INTELLIGENT LIFE WAS MEANT TO FOLLOW. WHETHER IT SHOULD BE GIVEN LUXURY ADD-ONS SUCH AS *FREE-WILL*.

AND EONS PASSED, AND YADA YADA. WHAT ABOUT MY *MOM?*

THESE ARGUMENTS GOT *UGLY*. THEY BECAME A SHOOTING WAR. BOTH SIDES RAISED *ARMIES*.

YOUR *MOTHER*, AND WOODVINE AND I-- WE ALL GOT THE CALL.

OKAY. BUT I *DIDN'T*.

NO. YOU WERE *BORN* WITH THE SIGIL IMPRINTED ON YOUR FLESH. THAT MAKES YOU *DIFFERENT*.

I'VE ASKED FOR *CLARIFICATION*. UNTIL I GET AN ANSWER, YOU SHOULD STAY *OUT* OF THIS.

TOO LATE. IF OCTOBER KILLED MY MOM, THEN I'M ALREADY *IN* IT. UP TO MY *NECK*.

I'M GOING TO BEAT HIM TO THIS TREASURE AND GRAB IT FROM UNDER HIS *NOSE*, THEN WAVE IT AT HIM SHOUTING *"PWNED!"*

DO YOU HAVE ANY *IDEA* WHAT HE COULD DO TO YOU?

WELL I'VE SEEN HIM TORTURE A GUY TO *DEATH* JUST TO ASK DIRECTIONS, SO YEAH. I'VE GOT A FEW *CLUES*.

GIRL, I'M TELLING YOU TO GO *HOME*.

AND I'M TELLING *YOU--*

OVER AND *OUT*.

CLICK

WEIGH ANCHOR!

FROM HERE ON, THE RIVER'S TOO *SHALLOW* EVEN FOR EL CAZADOR'S KEEL. BUT WE CAN TAKE THE *DORY BOATS*.

WE'RE IN *YOUR* HANDS, SAMANTHA REY. WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE US DO?

YEAH, TAKE THE *BOATS*. IT'S A COUPLE OF MILES YET.

WOODVINE SAID YOU COME FROM A DISTANT *LAND*. AND IT'S TRUE YOUR ENGLISH IS *BARBAROUS*.

SO HOW *COMES* IT THAT YOU KNOW THE REACHES OF THE *REINA DE LOS ANGELES*?

IT'S-- HARD TO *EXPLAIN*, CAPTAIN SIN.

I *LIVED* HERE ONCE. IT WAS A DIFFERENT TIME, AND IT DIDN'T LOOK ANYTHING LIKE IT DOES NOW, BUT I *REMEMBER* STUFF.

AND I STUDIED IT IN HIST--

I MEAN, I STUDIED THE *HISTORY* OF THE PLACE.

YOU OMIT *MUCH*.

YEAH, I DO. BUT I'M NOT *LYING*. I KNOW THE PLACE WHERE THIS TREASURE IS BURIED-- *SEVEN TREES*-- REALLY WELL.

AYE? AND *HOW* DO YOU KNOW IT?

MY MOTHER IS *BURIED* THERE.

HOW FAR *NOW?*

I'M NOT SURE. LIKE I SAID, IT'S--UH-- *CHANGED* A LOT.

LET ME *THINK.*

OKAY, *SEVEN TREES* IS AFTER BALBOA, BUT BEFORE VAN NUYS.

AND WHEN WE CROSS THE 405, THAT'S *WEST* OF WHERE THE RIVER GOES UNDER IT...

YEAH.

I CAN SORT OF *SEE* IT NOW.

YOU'RE *SURE?*

IT'S REAL CLOSE. ABOUT TWO MILES *NORTH* OF US.

I'M *TOTALLY* SURE. YOU NEED TO PUT IN RIGHT OVER THERE.

I THOUGHT WE HAD A *MAP*. BLACKJACK TOM'S OWN SEA CHART.

WOODVINE *BURNED* IT. SO NOW WE'VE GOT THE LITTLE *GIRLIE*.

GOD *HELP* US!

OKAY, WE TAKE *NINTH STREET* HERE.

WE TAKE *WHAT?*

I MEAN LEFT. WE HANG A *LEFT* BY THAT HOLLOW STUMP.

WAIT.

HOLD *HARD*, LADS. WHAT IS IT, SAM?

I'M JUST-- CHECKING.

YEAH. THIS IS *IT*. THIS IS *SEVEN TREES*.

SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE WOULD BE WHERE MY *MOM* IS GOING TO BE--

I MEAN, YOU SHOULD DIG *HERE*.

ISN'T BLACKJACK TOM'S TREASURE MEANT TO BE *CURSED?*

AYE, IT IS SO. THE MAN WHO *DIGS* ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE GOLD, HE GO HOME WITH AN ACHING *BACK.*

A *PLAGUE* ON YOU, LUCIFERO!

SO WHY DOES OCTOBER *WANT* THIS TREASURE, MR. CALICO?

HE *DOESN'T.* THE GOLD IS OF NO USE TO HIM WHATSOEVER.

IT'S SOMETHING *ELSE* HE WANTS. THE *CLOUD.*

IT WAS A *SHIPMENT*-- INTENDED FOR A DIFFERENT WAR THEATRE ENTIRELY.

BUT IT WENT *ASTRAY.* AND SAM, IF YOU FIND IT, DON'T *TOUCH* IT OR GET CLOSE TO IT. ABOVE ALL, DON'T *TALK* TO IT.

DON'T TALK TO IT? WHAT DOES *THAT* MEAN?

I MEAN WHAT I SAY, NO MORE AND NO LESS. YOU SHOULDN'T *BE* HERE.

BEING HERE, YOU SHOULD AVOID GETTING IN BEYOND YOUR MEAGRE *DEPTH.*

CAPTAIN! WE'VE *FOUND* IT! IT'S HERE!

BLACKJACK TOM'S *HOARD!*

THEN HALE IT INTO THE *LIGHT,* JACKENARD. LET'S SEE IT.

BY'R'LADY! IF IT'S *DOUBLOONS*, THERE MUST BE A KING'S RANSOM THERE!

TEN KINGS. AND A FEW PRINCESSES.

I'LL *BUY* ME A PRINCESS, WITH MY SHARE.

THERE'S *THIS*, TOO, CAPTAIN. A JEWEL CHEST, COULD IT BE?

IT LOOKS LIKE NOTHING MUCH. BUT *FAIREST* OFT SHOWS FOUL, AS THEY SAY. *OPEN* IT.

I *CAN'T*. THERE'S NO HASP OR LOCK TO IT.

AAAA!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

INPUT CYPHER FOR TO AWAKENING THIS MULTI-PURPOSE KILL-THING.

GOD STIFFEN US! IT *TALKED!* IT *TALKED* TO ME!

INCANT THE SPECIFIED PHRASE WILL UNSLUMBER PRESENT WEAPON-ENTITY.

CAPTAIN, LEAVE IT! IT'S NOT *SAFE!*

YOU *KNOW* WHAT THIS THING IS?

ENFOLD YOUR WISH IN WORDS, CLEAR AND EXACT. SO WILL YOUR MARTIAL MONSTER WAKE, AND ACT.

YES. NO. NOT REALLY. BUT I KNOW IT'S *DANGEROUS*. NOBODY SHOULD EVEN TOUCH IT.

FAIR ENOUGH. CUT *POLES*, SPICER, AND ROLL THE THING INTO THE RIVER.

A-AYE, CAPTAIN.

BESPEAK REQUISITELY, BIO-ATROCITY TO ENLIVEN.

PLEASE! DO IT *QUICKLY*.

SHWFFFFFFF

CAPTAIN! SOMETHING'S *MOVING* IN THE TREES.

DIEU M'EN GARDE! THAT WIND'S NOT *NATURAL!*

CRRRKKKKK

NOR NEITHER IS THAT *LIGHT!*

CAPTAIN, GET OUT OF THE *WAY*. DON'T YOU FEEL THE GROUND--

MARY, MOTHER OF US!

WE'RE TWO MILES *INLAND!*

BOOOOM

DRY LAND OR SALT SEA, HOW *ELSE* SHOULD A RABBLE OF PIRATES DIE BUT BY A *BROADSIDE?*

ALL PORT CANNONS--

FIRE!!!

To Be Continued

CROSSGEN™

ISSUE NUMBER 4

MIKE CAREY • LEONARD KIRK • ED TADEO • GURU EFX

MARVEL

SIGIL™

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SIGIL

Samantha Rey's normal life comes to an end when she discovers that the strange birthmark on her chest is in fact a Sigil, with the power to whisk her away through time. Unable to control the time jumps, she becomes stuck on the pirate ship El Cazador, under siege by the dread October.

October is hunting for an artifact of rare power. With the help of the mysterious Calico, Sam discovers that her mother, who died when Sam was younger, was a Sigil wielder just like Sam and October. Sam's mother hid the artifact on an island.

Sam and the crew of the El Cazador, led by the fiery Captain Sin, outraced October to the treasure, but October's Sigil powers are greater than anyone knew. Using it, he flew his ship over miles of jungle to pursue Sam and opens fire on the El Cazador...

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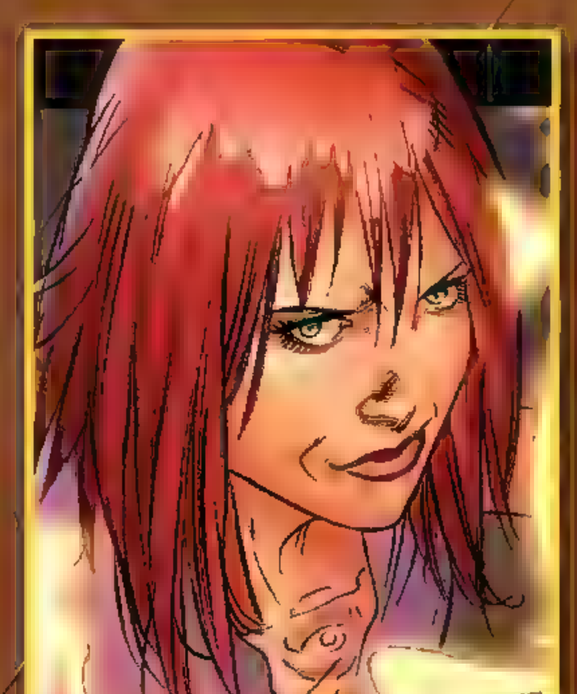
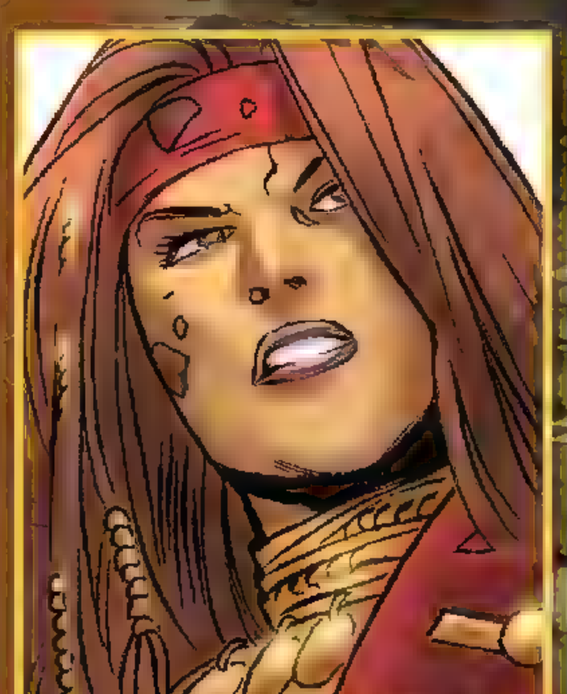


Samantha Rey

Captain October



Captain Sin

Calico

BARODOOM

BOOM

BOOM

KRATOWW

GAAAAH!

'TIS THE *RED HARVEST!* THEY'VE FOUND US!

CAPTAIN, THEY'VE *FOUND* US!

I NEVER THOUGHT TO BE DELIVERING A *CANNONADE* IN THE MIDDLE OF A HEATHEN WILDERNESS!

WHEN YOU SHIP WITH *OCTOBER*, TURNOUTS LIKE THIS IS NAUGHT BUT A DAY'S *WORK*.

PRIME HER AND *RAISE* HER, MY BONNY LADS!

AND FI--

BLAAM

NUUUH!

CAPTAIN SIN!

HELP US, GIRL. IF YOU BE TRULY A *WARRIOR*, SHOW IT NOW.

OR MUST I DIE ON *DRY LAND*, LIKE SOME POX-BLASTED *HOUSEWIFE?*

OKAY. THE GUNS.

GOT TO TAKE OUT THE *GUNS*.

BUT THEY'RE SO FAR *AWAY*, I'M NOT SURE IF I CAN--

SHROWWW

OKAY.

GUESS I *CAN*.

FINISH THEM *HAND-TO-HAND*, MISTER GWILLAM.

AYE, CAPTAIN. AND THE LASSIE WITH THE *SHINE* TO HER?

IGNORE HER.

BUT SHE'S--

I SAID *IGNORE* HER.

SHE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO *TROUBLE* YOU.

THIS WAS NOT *YOUR* FIGHT, GIRL. YOU FLED IT ONCE, AND YOU MIGHT HAVE STAYED *AWAY.*

UFFF!

YOU *CHOSE* THIS DEATH.

THAT THE BEST YOU CAN *DO*, CAPTAIN CRUNCH?

NO.

WANT TO SEE THE BEST *I* CAN DO?

I CARE NOT. YOU CANNOT STAND AGAINST ME FOR A *SECOND.*

NOT GONNA *TRY!*

BUT I THINK THIS WILL BE SAFER WITH ME.

NO!

THAUMMMM

TZAUMMMM

WOW.

LONG JUMP.

MAN, YOU NEVER SHUT UP. WHAT THE HELL ***ARE*** YOU, ANYWAY?

CALICO SAID YOU WERE A ***WEAPON***.

INTONE TRIGGER PHRASE TO PLACE PSEUDO-BIOTIC ARMAMENT IN ACTIVE MODE.

AGGRESSIVE/ INCURSIVE PHAGE CLOUD 2.31 DELTA, ANTI-PERSONNEL AND ANTI-ARMOR.

RECITE READINESS FORMULA AND I WILL ENGAGE.

WHAT ***READINESS*** FORMULA? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING--

UH-OH.

TZAUMMMM

YOU THOUGHT TO ***ESCAPE*** ME, GIRL? YOU LEAVE A TRAIL BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN AT ***NOON***.

BACK OFF, JACK SPARROW.

YOU CAN'T ***TOUCH*** ME WITHOUT TRASHING YOUR LITTLE TCHOTCHKE.

WITHIN THAT *CASING* IS ONE OF THE MOST INSANELY DESTRUCTIVE ENTITIES EVER CREATED.

CONSEQUENTLY, AND LOGICALLY, THE *BOX* ITSELF WAS DESIGNED--

--TO BE *INDESTRUCTIBLE.*

OOP!

VRAKKKT.

INDESTRUCTIBLE, HUH?

THANKS FOR THE *HINT.*

KLUDDD

I WILL EVISCERATE YOU *SLOWLY!*

IZAUMMMM

IZAUMMMM

IZAUMMMM

IZAUMMMM

NUUUH!

SAMANTHA! SAMANTHA REY!

H--HEY, CALICO. I'M HERE.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SO MANY JUMPS IN SUCCESSION! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE. AND I GOT THE BOX.

THEN ABANDON IT! OCTOBER WILL PURSUE YOU TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH FOR WHAT'S IN THAT CHEST.

YEAH, HE TRIED. BUT I THREW HIM A LITTLE CURVEBALL.

YOU CROSSED YOUR OWN *TRAIL*. CAME BACK TO A TIME YOU'D ALREADY *VISITED*. THAT WAS CLEVER.

YEAH? I DON'T *FEEL* VERY CLEVER RIGHT NOW, CALICO.

I'M IN OVER MY *HEAD*.

LISTEN, THE BOX KEEPS *ASKING* ME FOR SOMETHING.

A *TRIGGER PHRASE*.

THE CLOUD IS A LIVING WEAPON. IT *WANTS* TO BE USED.

IT'S ASKING YOU FOR ITS *ACTIVATION* CODE.

BUT ONLY THE AGENT TO WHOM IT WAS LAST *ASSIGNED* WOULD HAVE THAT INFORMATION.

THAT WAS MY *MOM*?

IT WAS.

AND OCTOBER *KILLED* HER IN ORDER TO GET HOLD OF THIS THING?

YES.

VANESSA REY CHOSE THE WORDS FOR HER OWN HEADSTONE, TAKING HER THEME FROM THE *BHAGAVAD GITA*.

"*CERTAIN IS DEATH, FOR THE LIVING. CERTAIN IS LIFE, FOR THE DEAD.*" THINK ABOUT THAT.

OKAY, I'M GOING BACK *IN*.

SAM, THERE'S *NOTHING* YOU CAN DO AGAINST OCTOBER.

MAYBE NOT.

BUT WHILE HE'S OFF LOOKING FOR *ME*--

--I FIGURE THERE'S *PLENTY* I CAN DO RIGHT HERE.

HEY, GUYS. YOU KNOW, THIS IS GONNA BE THE *FOUR-OH-FIVE* SOMEDAY.

SHRAKKKT

YOU'RE TECHNICALLY PLAYING IN *TRAFFIC*.

SO YOU KIND OF HAD THIS *COMING*.

BOOM

'TIS THE *GIRL*, CAPTAIN! SHE'S BACK!

AYE, JACKENARD. I SEE HER.

I WAS NEVER MUCH GIVEN TO RELIGION, BUT WHEN I SEE AN *ANGEL*, I DON'T STOP TO COUNT ITS *TEETH*.

FOLLOW THE *GOLD*, YOU SALT-CURED DOGS!

FOLLOW THE *GOLD*!

YOU WIELD THAT LIGHT WITH SOMETHING MORE OF *CONFIDENCE* NOW, SAMANTHA REY.

IT GETS EASIER WITH *PRACTICE*.

GET YOUR MEN BACK TO THE CAZADOR, CAPTAIN SIN. I'LL COVER YOU UNTIL--

BRATOOOOM

GUUUH!

COMPACTED *AIR*.

WH-- WHA--?

THE *PAIN* YOU FEEL RIGHT NOW. IT WAS EMPTY AIR THAT *HURT* YOU.

THE SIGIL FORCE PROTECTS YOU FROM *DIRECT* ATTACKS OF ALL KINDS.

AAAA!

BUT THE *SHOCKWAVE* FROM AN EXPLOSION THAT CLOSE IS LIKE A PUNCH FROM *GOD*.

OR FROM *ME*.

KLUDDD

IT'S HARD TO *FOCUS* THROUGH THE PAIN, ISN'T IT, GIRL?

HARD TO BRING THE POWER TO BEAR. THE *WILL* IS OUR BATTLEFIELD, IN THE END.

AND *MINE* IS THE STRONGEST.

SRAKK

GUUUH!

EXHAUST YOUR SPIRIT WITH *HATE*, GIRL, AND YOUR BODY WITH FUTILE *STRIVING*.

POUR OUT THE LAST *DROPS* OF YOUR HOPE AND YOUR DEFIANCE ON THIS UNCARING EARTH.

IT WILL NOT *AVAIL* YOU.

IT WILL NOT AVAIL YOU AT *ALL.*

AHHRRR!

IS-- IS THIS--

--NUUUH! --HOW YOU KILLED MY *MOTHER?*

VANESSA REY! I *THOUGHT* I KNEW YOUR FACE. THAT'S... FASCINATING.

BUT NO. VANESSA HAD A HERO'S SOUL. IT TOOK *THREE* OF US TO DEFEAT HER, EVEN WITH THE HELP OF THE *GREY COMMANDER.*

YOU-- DIDN'T *DEFEAT* HER. SHE-- WON, IN THE END.

YOU THINK SO?

VANESSA REY LIES IN HER *GRAVE.* I SAW HER DIE.

YEAH. SHE IS. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT THEY *SAY,* CAPTAIN CRUNCH.

CERTAIN IS *DEATH--* FOR THE LIVING.

AND-- CERTAIN IS *LIFE,* FOR THE DEAD.

NOTED.

RECOGNIZED.

PROCESSED.

activated.

HOLDER OF THE TRIGGER PHRASE, WHAT IS YOUR WISH?

M-MY *WISH?*

THIS GUY IS-- *BOTHERING* ME.

WOULD YOU PLEASE-- LIGHT A *FIRE*-- UNDER HIS BUTT?

IT SHALL BE DONE.

NO!

STAY BACK!

TRAWWK

I SAID STAY *BACK*, CURSE YOU!

I SERVE THE *EIDOLONS!* YOU MAY NOT *TOUCH* ME!

MMMM. SIGIL ENERGY!

MAY I HAVE SOME MORE?

YEEEARGHHH!

THERE YOU GO, MOM.

BETTER THAN *FLOWERS*, HUH?

CAN YOU *STAND*, GIRL?

C-CAPTAIN SIN.

YEAH. I'M *GOOD*.

JACKENARD, HOW MANY *MEN* DO WE HAVE LEFT?

TWELVE *HALE*, CAPTAIN, AND SEVENTEEN *WOUNDED*.

TWENTY-NINE, ALL TOLD.

THEN DIVIDE THE *TREASURE* INTO THIRTY PARTS. ONE FOR EACH MAN.

AND THE *LAST* FOR SAMANTHA REY.

THANKS, CAPTAIN. IF YOU *BURY* MY SHARE RIGHT HERE, I CAN COME GET IT ANYTIME I WANT IT.

OR YOU COULD STAY WITH *EL CAZADOR*. I NEED A NEW *NAVIGATOR*.

CAN'T. I'VE GOT--*STUFF* TO DO. THANKS, THOUGH.

WE'LL MEET *AGAIN*, GIRL. AND PROBABLY RAISE EVEN GREATER HELL.

DEAL!

I'LL BRING THE *MARSHMALLOWS*.

OKAY.

NEXT STOP, RIGHT *HERE*.

"--BUT A WHOLE LOT LATER."
OH GOD!
SHE-- SHE SLIPPED. SHE JUST--
OH GOD!
YOU'VE GOT TO GO TELL THE PRINCIPAL WHAT YOU DID, TAM!
WHAT?
YEAH, IT WASN'T US, IT WAS YOU! YOU PUSHED HER!
I-I DIDN'T! I DIDN'T MEAN TO--
CAN I BUTT IN AT THIS POINT?
REY! WHERE--?
HOW DID YOU--?
I GRABBED THE RAIL AS I FELL. CAUGHT A FEW BRUISES, BUT I'M GOOD.
THING IS, THOUGH--I'VE GOT A TEST. SO IF YOU WANT TO FIGHT, LET'S GET IT THE HELL OVER WITH.
ME AND YOU. RIGHT NOW. AND THING 1 AND THING 2 HERE CAN KEEP LOOK-OUT.
DAMN! YOU'RE A LOT TOUGHER THAN YOU LOOK, GIRL.
THANKS. AND YOU'RE A LOT--
NO. DON'T SPOIL THE MOMENT.
LET'S CALL A TRUCE.
YOU CAN HAVE BERTO ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS.

AND RIGHT ON THE HOUR--

--COOL AND CALM AND *TOTALLY* IN CONTROL--

SAM!

HI, MR. CUTWELL. I'M *READY* FOR THE TEST.

BUT--WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR *FACE?*

EST

THURSD

REVIEW CH

11 12 13

MY-- MY *FACE?*

HAVE YOU BEEN IN A *FIGHT?* ANSWER ME!

WELL, YEAH, I HAVE. BUT--

I THINK YOU SHOULD GO *HOME*. OR PERHAPS TO AN EMERGENCY ROOM. YOU CAN'T RETAKE THE TEST LIKE THAT.

SURE I CAN! HONESTLY, I'M *FINE!*

I MEAN, I WON'T *ALLOW* IT.

THE F STAYS ON YOUR *RECORD*. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *WRONG* WITH YOU, SAM.

YOU HAVE SO MUCH *POTENTIAL*.

BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE THE SLIGHTEST *IDEA* WHAT TO DO WITH IT.

SAMANTHA.

DAMN!

THE SCHOOL CALLED.

DAD, I CAN EX--

I DON'T WANT TO *HEAR* IT. LOOK AT YOU. YOU MISSED THE TEST BECAUSE YOU WERE IN A *BRAWL* OF SOME KIND.

IS *THIS* HOW WE BROUGHT YOU UP?

I THOUGHT YOU WERE PULLING *OUT* OF THE NOSEDIVE. BUT I CAN SEE I WAS *WRONG*.

YOU'RE *GROUNDED* FOR THE NEXT MONTH. AND YOU'LL DO YOUR HOMEWORK ASSIGNMENTS DOWN HERE IN THE *KITCHEN* WHERE I CAN SEE YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR *MOTHER* WOULD SAY IF SHE COULD SEE YOU NOW, SAM.

I REALLY DON'T.

BORN WITH THE SIGIL *IMPRINTED* ON HER FLESH?

SO I UNDERSTAND, MY LADY. YES.

YOU KNOW WHAT THAT *IMPLIES*, CALICO?

I KNEW THERE WAS A *POSSIBILITY*--

NO. IT'S CERTAIN. SHE'S THE ONE WE WERE *WAITING* FOR, ALL THIS TIME.

AND IF OCTOBER REPORTED TO HIS *MASTERS*, THEY'LL KNOW THAT TOO.

SPEAK TO HER *NOW*, WHILE HER VICTORY SITS FRESH AND BRIGHT WITHIN HER HEART.

SPEAK TO HER WHILE SHE *REJOICES*.

"TELL HER.

"TELL HER EVEN GREATER GLORIES AWAIT."

End...For Now